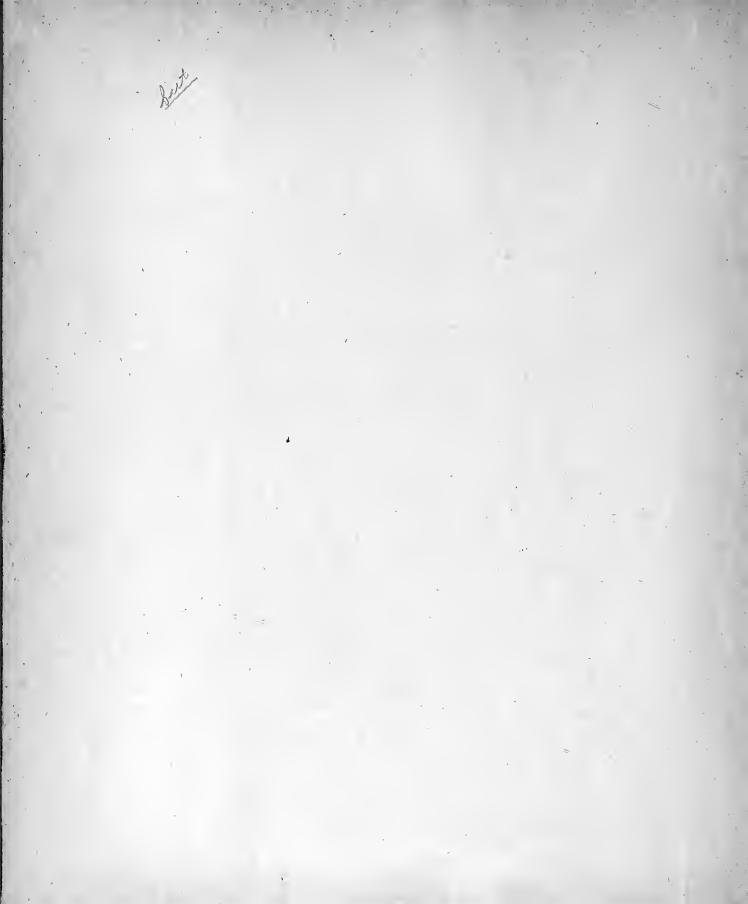
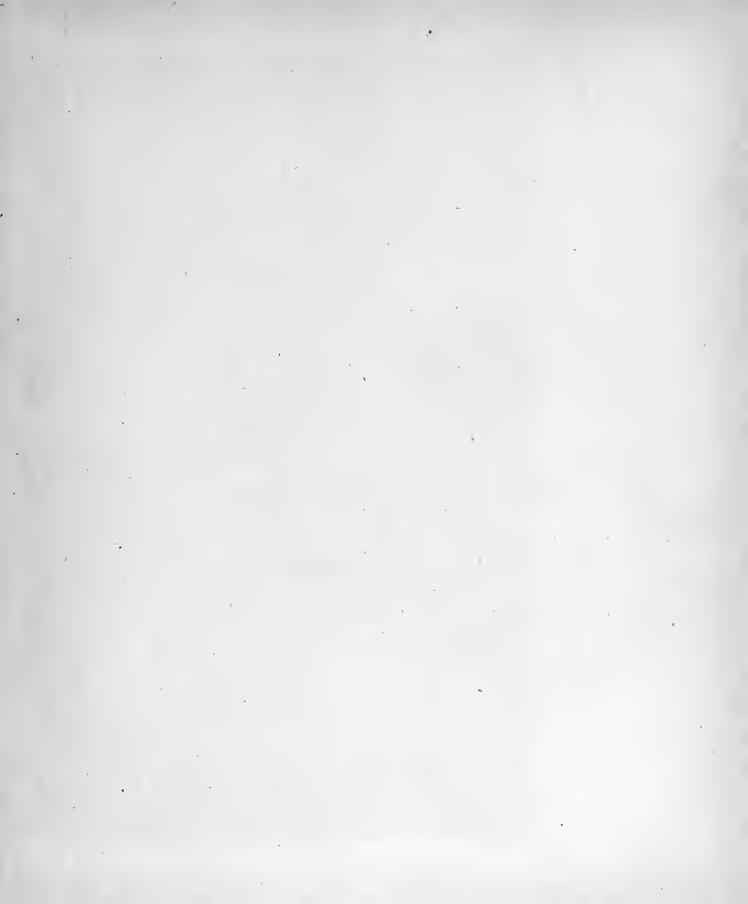


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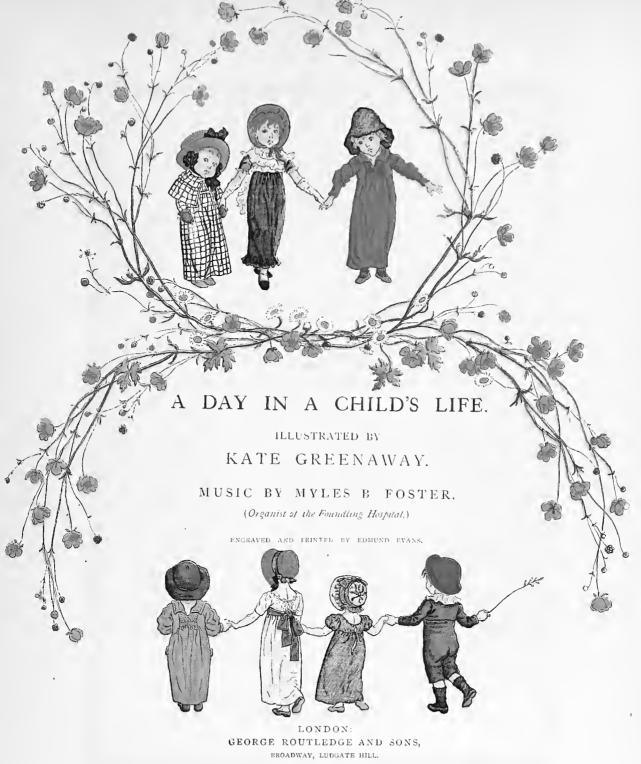








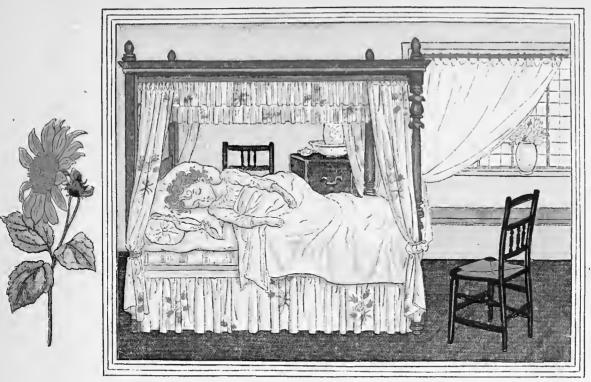






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The sun himself has risen
To call them, long ago:
And he has tried to wake you
This last half-hour, you know.

The merry little sunbeams
Have travelled—oh, so far!
Have crept between the shutters,
In spite of bolt and bar.

'Twas time, indeed, to wake you, At last they seemed to think; And shot their golden arrows Through every hole and chink.

And when the door was opened,
And Mary came at last,
Your eyes were almost blinded,
They fell so thick and fast.

Then wake, and, like the flowers,
Lift up each sleepy head;
It is too bright a morning
To waste it all in bed.





































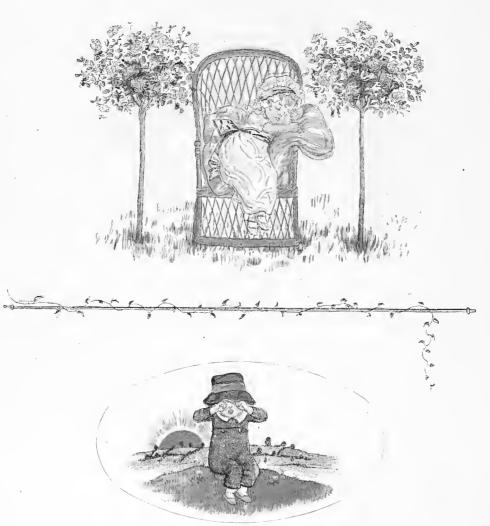




















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